



Nervous Assistant (to purchaser of grand piano). "CAN WE SEND IT FOR YOU?"

CHARIVARIA.

THE visit of British M.P.'s to Australia does not appear to be arousing a great deal of enthusiasm there. According to *Reuter's* despatch from Sydney, "The British parliamentary visitors were accorded a civil reception at Newcastle." We fancy they expected something more than this.

At the Russian Olympic meeting at Kieff the prize for the high jump was won by Mlle. POPOVA. With superb reticence we make no comment.

THE POET LAUREATE is said to be writing a poem on the approaching royal wedding. The fact that "Fife" rhymes so easily with "wife" renders the task more simple than usual.

"Sir Herbert Tree," says *The Daily Sketch*, "is not what we would call a superstitious man. He has no mascot, for instance, like Mr. Cyril Maude." Possibly, however, he has one like a Teddy Bear?

Professor DICKSON, in an address

delivered at the meeting of the British Association, expressed the view that our food supply may only last for three centuries more. May we, in the circumstances, beg all little boys to be as sparing as possible in their diet?

Suffragettes damaged the bowling-green of the South Croydon Club last week by burning the words "Votes for Women" into the turf. The rumour that this has produced many converts among the members lacks confirmation.

The Durban correspondent of *The Standard* tells us that the performance of "ismet" by Mr. OSCAR ASCHE's company there has been causing trouble. It is obviously not O.K.

"A Householder" writes us a word in favour of the cinematograph. For the second time in his life, he says, he has had to carry a drunken and struggling cook out of his house. On the first occasion, which happened about ten years ago, a huge and excited crowd collected. Last week, however, the incident attracted little attention, passers-by merely imagining that a

cinematograph rehearsal of *L'Enlèvement d'Hélène* was taking place.

Garters with flap pockets have, we read, been invented by an American hosiery manufacturer to aid women in carrying jewellery or money. We understand that, so long as slit skirts are the vogue, pick-pockets will not lodge a protest against this new contrivance.

The Rev. BOYD MORISON, of Darlington, pleads for more comfort in churches, and suggests that the seating accommodation might be made more luxurious. Uncomfortable seats undoubtedly account for much of the insomnia from which many church-goers suffer during the sermon.

The Daily Express is taking the lead in the campaign against sensational head-lines. Consider, for instance, the following paragraph in a recent issue:—

"M. Coulon, who lives at Montluçon, wears a beard which is three yards thirty inches long."

Our contemporary heads this quite simply "Five foot beard."

THE ORDER OF THE BATH.

"We must really do something about the bath," said Celia.

"We must," I agreed.

At present what we do is this. Punctually at six-thirty or nine or whenever it is, Celia goes in to make herself clean and beautiful for the new day, while I amuse myself with a razor. After a quarter-of-an-hour or so she gives a whistle to imply that the bath-room is now vacant, and I give another one to indicate that I have only cut myself once. I then go hopefully in and find that the bath is half-full of water; whereupon I go back to my room and engage in Dr. HUGH DE SÉLINCOURT'S physical exercises for the middle-aged. After these are over I take another look at the bath, discover that it is now three-eighths full, and return to my room and busy myself with Dr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL'S mental drill for busy men. By the time I have committed three Odes of HORACE to memory, it may be low tide or it may not; if not, I sit on the edge of the bath with the daily paper and read about the latest strike—my mind occupied equally with wondering when the water is going out and when the busmen are. And the thought that Celia is now in the dining-room eating more than her share of the toast does not console me in the least.

"Yes," I said, "it's absurd to go on like this. You had better see about it to-day, Celia."

"I don't think—I mean, I think—you know, it's really *your* turn to do something for the bath-room."

"What do you mean, *my* turn? Didn't I buy the glass shelves for it? You'd never even heard of glass shelves."

"Well, who put them up after they'd been lying about for a month?" said Celia. "I did."

"And who bumped his head against them the next day? I did."

"Yes, but that wasn't really a *useful* thing to do. It's your turn to be useful."

"Celia, this is mutiny. All household matters are supposed to be looked after by you. I do the brain-work; I earn the money; I cannot be bothered with these little domestic worries. I have said so before."

"I sort of thought you had."

You know, I am afraid that is true. We are, indeed, often having these little arguments as to whose turn it is to be useful. We had one about Jane's insurance card. Celia got it in the end, but only after I had been very firm about it.

"After all," she said, "the drinks are in your department."

"Hock, perhaps," I said; "soapy water, no. There is a difference."

"Not very much," said Celia.

By the end of another week I was getting seriously alarmed. I began to fear that unless I watched it very carefully I should be improving myself too much.

"While the water was running out this morning," I said to Celia, as I started my breakfast just about lunch-time, "I got *Paradise Lost* off by heart and made five hundred and ninety-six revolutions with the back paws. And then I had to shave myself again. What a life for a busy man!"

"I don't know if you know that it's no—"

"Begin again," I said.

"—that it's no good waiting for the last inch or two to go out by itself. Because it won't. You have to—to *hoosh* it out."

"I do. And I sit on the taps looking like a full moon and try to draw it out. But it's no good. We had a neap tide to-day and I had to hoosh four inches. Jolly."

Celia gave a sigh of resignation.

"All right," she said, "I'll go to the plumber to-day."

"Not the plumber," I begged. "On the contrary. The plumber is the man who *stops* the leaks. What we really want is an unplumber."

We fell into silence again.

"But how silly we are!" cried Celia suddenly. "Of course!"

"What's the matter now?"

"The bath is the *landlord's* business! Write and tell him."

"But—but what shall I say?" Somehow I knew Celia would put it on to me.

"Why, just—say. When you're paying the rent, you know."

"I—I see."

I retired to the library and thought it out. I hate writing business letters. The result is a mixture of formality and chattiness which seems to me all wrong.

My first letter to the landlord went like this:—

"DEAR SIR,—I enclose cheque in payment of last quarter's rent. Our bath won't run out properly. Yours faithfully."

It is difficult to say just what is wrong with that letter, and yet it is obvious that something has happened to it. It isn't *right*. I tried again.

"DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find cheque in payment of enclosed account. I must ask you either to enlarge the exit to our bath or to supply an emergency door. At present my morning and evening baths are in serious danger of clashing. Yours faithfully."

My third attempt had more sting in it:—

"DEAR SIR,—Unless you do something to our bath I cannot send you a cheque in payment of enclosed account. Otherwise I would have. Yours faithfully."

At this point I whistled to Celia and laid the letters before her.

"You see what it is," I said. "I'm not quite getting the note."

"But you're so abrupt," she said. "You must remember that this is all coming quite as a surprise to him. You want to lead up to it more gradually."

"Ah, perhaps you're right. Let's try again."

I tried again, with this result—

"DEAR SIR,—In sending you a cheque in payment of last quarter's rent I feel I must tell you how comfortable we are here. The only inconvenience—and it is indeed a trifling one, dear Sir—which we have experienced is in connection with the bath-room. Elegantly appointed and spacious as this room is, commodious as we find the actual bath itself, yet we feel that in the matter of the waste-pipe the high standard of efficiency so discernible elsewhere is sadly lacking. Were I alone I should not complain; but unfortunately there are two of us; and, for the second one, the weariness of waiting while the waters of the first bath exude drop by drop is almost more than can be borne. I speak with knowledge, for it is I who—"

I tore the letter up and turned to Celia.

"I'm a fool," I said. "I've just thought of something which will save me all this rotten business every morning."

"I'm so glad. What is it?"

"Why, of course—in future I will go to the bath first."

And I do. It is a ridiculously simple solution, and I cannot think why it never occurred to me before.

A. A. M.

Entertaining made easy.

"AT AN EXTREMELY LOW FIGURE.

SPLENDID FACILITIES FOR ENTERTAINING.

One of the most entertaining Adam Mansions in the West End for Sale."

Advt. in "The Morning Post."

"In view of the surplus of £20,000 shown in the municipal accounts, the 2,000 citizens of Klingenberg, Germany, were not only absolved of all taxation for the year, but were each presented with £20 from the town treasury."—*Tit-Bits*.

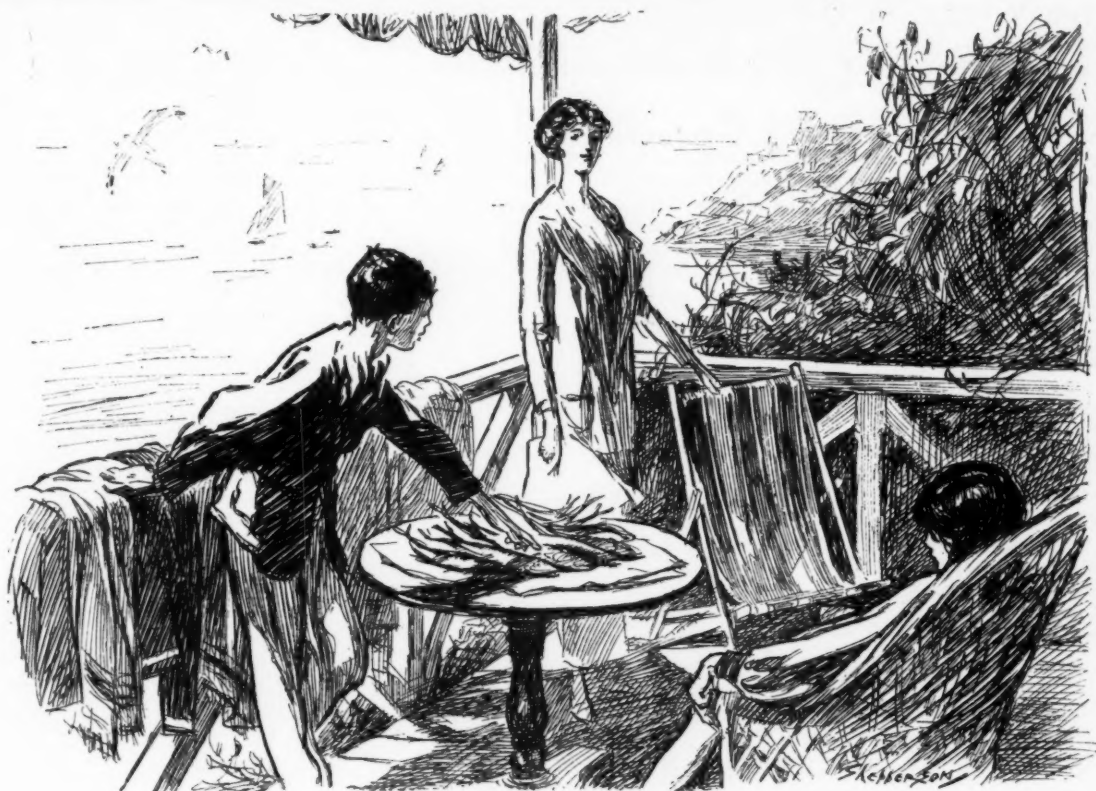
The Town Clerk is now adding up the figures again. He has a sort of feeling that a mistake has been made, and that the treasury has been too hasty.



SAVING HER FACE.

TURKEY. "SORRY, MADAM, I COULDN'T OBLIGE YOU BY RETIRING."

EUROPA (*with great dignity*). "NOT AT ALL. YOU MAY REMEMBER THAT AT THE VERY START I STRONGLY INSISTED ON THE *STATUS QUO*."



THE REWARD OF VALOUR.

(After a day's sea-fishing.)

Mother. "I DON'T THINK WE WANT TO KEEP MORE THAN ONE OR TWO, CHILDREN?"

Tom. "HAVE THAT ONE, MUMMY—HAVE THAT ONE—HE STRUGGLED MOST."

IN SELF-DEFENCE. GREAT VIOLINIST SPEAKS OUT. (Special.)

THE prominence attached to a recent account of Signor CARUSO's activities as an agriculturalist has elicited a dignified and striking letter of protest from Mr. Boldero-Bamborough (formerly Bamberger), the famous violinist, who has recently incorporated his father-in-law's name with his own and slightly modified the latter by deed poll. "I see it stated," observes Mr. Boldero-Bamborough, "that CARUSO is the possessor of several large estates in Tuscany, including twenty farms at Bellosguardo; that he is building an art gallery in the eighteenth-century style to house his collection of statuary, and that another of his country houses is surrounded by sixteen farms, each containing a piano.

"The obvious inference to be drawn from this statement is that such prosperity is exceptional in a musician. This is nothing less than a slur upon the

noble profession to which I am proud to belong. Loath as I am to obtrude my personal affairs on the public—not only from my own ingrained aversion from advertisement but in view of the fastidious self-suppression of my wife, *née* Polyxena Boldero, and my father-in-law, Sir Pompey Boldero, F.R.S.L.—I have no choice but to make known the following facts:—

"My property includes an estate of 5,000 square miles in New Guinea, a rubber plantation in the Solomon Islands, a mine in Alaska, an elephant ranche in Central India, a deer forest in Sutherlandshire, a tobacco farm in Tipperary, and fifty farms in Norfolk. The management of the latter I keep under my own supervision, the produce including thousands of tons of tomatoes, turkeys, Bombay ducks, milk from the cocoa-nut plantations, broad beans from the Broads and many thousands of gallons of gooseberry wine. I think it only right to add that not only is there a cottage piano on every labourer's holding, but

that every cow-byre is fitted with a pianola and every pig-sty with a gramophone.

"At my residence, Bamborough Towers, near Thetford, there are three butlers, fourteen footmen, thirty-six best bedrooms, and twenty bathrooms.

"My silver swimming-bath measures ninety by fifteen yards.

"My press-cutting room, which is decorated with porphyry columns, with a ceiling painted by SIGISMUND GOETZE, is the largest in the world. My press-cutter is an M.A. and Litt.D.

"I feel it necessary to repeat, though it is most painful to me to do so, that my father-in-law is Sir Pompey Boldero, F.R.S.L., whose name is a household word in the most fashionable salons of Mayfair.

"It remains to be added that I am the only violinist of world-wide distinction who is the father of triplets (Orpheus, Beethoven and Paganini), and has been kidnapped by Nihilists, serenaded by Amazons and partially eaten by cannibals."

THE WINGED VICTORY.

THE question is, What becomes of the mosquito when you are hunting for him? (I say "he," although, of course, there are supporters of the theory that mosquitoes are Militants. But I know he is a he, and I know his name, too: it is, for obvious reasons, Macbeth.)

This is my procedure. I undress, then I put on a dressing-gown and slippers, and, lifting the mosquito curtains, I place the candle inside them on the bed. Then, with the closest scrutiny, I satisfy myself that there is no mosquito inside, as indeed Eleanora, the handmaid, had done some hours earlier, when she made the bed. "Niente, niente," she had assured me, as she always does. None the less, again I go carefully round it, examining the net for any faulty hanging which might let in an insect ascending with malice from the floor.

This being done, I creep through, blow out the candle and go to sleep.

I have slept perhaps an hour when a shrill bugle call, which I conceive in my dreams to be the Last Trump, awakens me, and as I awake I realise once again the melancholy fact that it is no Last Trump at all but that there is, as there always is, a mosquito inside the curtains.

Already he has probably bitten me in several places; at any cost he must be prevented from biting me again. I sit up and feel my face all over to discover if my beauty has been assailed; for that is the thing I most dread. (Without beauty what are we?) I lie quite still while I do this, straining to catch his horrid song again; and suddenly there it is so near that I duck my head swiftly, nearly ricking my neck in doing so.

This confirming my worst fears, there is nothing for it now but to lift the curtains, slip out on to the cold stone floor, light the candle, and once again go through the futile but necessary movement of locating and expelling a mosquito.

That there will be none to expel, I know.

None the less I crawl about and peer into every corner. I shake the clothes, I do everything that can be done short of stripping the curtains, which I am too sleepy to do. And then I blow out the candle for the second time and endeavour to fall asleep again.

But this time it is more difficult: Macbeth has performed his pet trick too thoroughly. At last, however, I drowse away, again to be galvanised suddenly into intense vigilance of dread by the bugle shrilling an inch from my ear.

And so once again I get up and once again the pest vanishes into nothing. . . .

The next time I don't care a soldo if he is there or not, I am so tired; and the rest of the night is passed in a half-sleep, in which real mosquitoes or imaginary mosquitoes equally do their

I examine him minutely and observe him to be alive, and the repugnant truth is forced upon me that he is not merely drunk but drunk with my blood. That purple tide is alcoholic; and his intemperance has been his ruin.

There is only one thing to be done. I have no paltry feelings of revenge; but his death is indicated. The future must be considered. And so I kill him. It is done with the greatest ease. He makes no resistance at all, but merely, while dying, salutes me with my own blood. It is odd to have it thus spread before one.

A good colour, I think, and get up, feeling no triumph.

Then, going to the glass, I discern a red lump on my aristocratic nose, hitherto my best feature. . . .

P.S.—There is no cure for mosquito bites, all the chemists of the world to the contrary. There is not even a lenitive.



OUR BARBER TAKES UP GARDENING.

worst, and I turn no hair. And then, some years later, the blessed day dawns and another Italian night of misery has passed; and, gradually recognising this bliss, I sit up in bed and begin to tear away at the fresh poison in my poor hands and wrists, which were like enough to a map of a volcanic island in the Pacific yesterday, but now are poignantly more so.

And suddenly, as I thus scratch, I am conscious of a motionless black speck on the curtain above me. . . .

It is—yes—no—yes—it is Macbeth.

I agitate the gauze, but he takes no notice; I approach my hand, a movement which in his saner moments he would fly from with the agility of electricity; he remains still. He is either dead or dazed.

THE CURTAIN-RAISER.

SIR,—The discussion raised by the recent substitution at a West End theatre of variety turns for the usual first piece is being briskly maintained. One writer in the Press claims that it should surely be possible for the dramatist to invent some means by which the interest of his play can be so divided as to be enjoyed by late arrivals, no matter at what period of the action they take it up. May I, as a writer of many one-act plays, respectfully put forward my proposed solution of this problem? On a system of equitable exchange it is frankly borrowed from the music halls. The essence of the idea is a time-table of the leading situations in the curtain-raiser. Thus on reaching his stall all that the fashionably tardy spectator has to do is to consult his watch, refer to the corresponding time on the programme, and be at once *en rapport* with the dramatic position. What could be more simple? I call my proposal the "You Can Start Now" system, and am confident that it only needs to be tried to be generally adopted. An example is enclosed.

Yours, etc.,
PRACTICAL PLAYWRIGHT.

"HALF AN HOUR."

A Farce in One Act. Every evening at 8.15.

8.15.—Frank, a young dramatist, and Dora at home. They have no



REALISM.

Impressionable Visitor. "BY JOVE! THE GAS WORKS! NOW THAT REALLY IS TOP-HOLE! DO YOU KNOW, I'LL SWEAR I SMELT GAS AS I CAME IN!"

money. They therefore live in a dilapidated and inconvenient flat, built close against the footlights, and furnished with any old rubbish from the property-room.

8.18.—Frank explains to Dora that he has an enormously wealthy uncle who imagines him to be still a bachelor, and so cannot be applied to for aid.

8.20.—Frank goes out to offer his play to managers.

8.22.—Dora, alone, explains to the furniture how sorry she is that Frank's enormously wealthy uncle imagines him to be still a bachelor and so cannot be applied to for aid.

8.25.—She finds a paper saying that many burglaries have been perpetrated in the neighbourhood, and gives way to comic alarm. [N.B. There is a scream somewhere here which will tell you where you are.]

8.30.—Enter the enormously wealthy uncle, who asks for Frank, and takes Dora for a house-maid.

8.32.—Dora takes him for a burglar. [N.B. The uncle has white hair and spats, so if you arrive at this point you will not confuse him with Frank.]

8.35.—The uncle kisses Dora, whom he greatly admires.

8.38.—Dora shuts uncle in the coal-cellar. [The door on your left out of the drawing-room is the coal-cellar. The one on the other side leads to the street.]

8.40.—Dora is frightened again. The uncle bangs on the door (L.).

8.41.—Frank [brown hair, no spats] enters by the right-hand door, and says that his play would be produced if only some rich patron would provide the money.

8.42.—Dora is pathetic. There is no more banging, so you will know when she is being pathetic. She again laments the obduracy of the uncle.

8.43.—The uncle resumes banging. Frank is startled. Dora explains that it is a burglar.

8.44.—Frank lets out the uncle, who enters with his coat inside out (because of the coal) and his face black.

8.44½.—Explanations prestissimo.

8.45.—The uncle promises to finance Frank's play. Dora joins their hands. *Curtain.*

8.46.—[Perhaps.] The curtain may go up and down again. Should you arrive at this point, you will see three persons bowing. But you needn't bother about them.

PEACE.

WHEN the holidays are over,
And to Eastbourne, Westgate, Dover,
Mother's darlings by the trainful
(After partings rather painful)
Go to spend the autumn term in
Schools like "Cliff House" or "St.
Ermin"—

When no longer we're appealed to
(For our sins) to bowl or field to
Little boys who think we play so
Very rottenly, and say so—
When the shouts which for a while lent
Horror to our home are silent,
And we realise it's true that
There's no need to say, "Don't do
that"—

It is then that I confess you
Are a blessing, and I bless you,
Folkestone, Eastbourne, Westgate,
Dover!
Yes, the holidays are over.

THE AUTHORS' STRIKE.

THE action of the libraries in placing a modified ban on the circulation of certain novels has led to an unexpected development. Yesterday morning the leaders of the Authors' Union, after a sitting which had lasted all through the night, decided by an overwhelming majority to advise their members to down tools. The advice was instantly followed. At 10 A.M. Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY threw his inkstand, his penholders and three boxes of "J" nibs out of the window into the street below, where they were picked up and secreted by an admirer of the novelist. At the same hour Sir GILBERT PARKER publicly burnt his typewriting machines and dismissed his corps of typists, while Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, after having torn into twenty strips his relief map of the Five Towns, put on his fur coat, entered his motor-car, and set off to Hampstead to join a peaceful picket organised and commanded by Mr. W. B. MAXWELL. Similar scenes were witnessed in most of the novel-factories of the Metropolis and the adjoining suburbs. The female section of the Union has been very busily employed in arranging processions and embroidering banners. Some of these are of a most tasteful design. One bears the words, "No more Mud from Mudie," surrounded by a laurel wreath. Another is emblazoned with an excellent and terror-striking portrait of Mr. HALL CAINE set in the midst of a circle of realistic flashes of lightning. Below this is the appeal (red letters on a black ground), "Who would be Free must smash Class B."

The strike, it should be stated, is not primarily directed against the publishers, but it is difficult to see how these can remain neutral. Mr. JOHN MURRAY, interviewed by our representative, declared that he sympathised warmly with the Libraries. The strikers, in his opinion, have committed a serious mistake and must fail for lack of funds. None of his own men, he says, has so far shown any intention of ceasing work, and he believes himself to be in a position to guarantee a regular supply of all sorts of books during the autumn. On the other hand Mr. JOHN LANE, when interviewed in Vigo Street, expressed himself in severe terms in regard to the rash action of the Libraries. He ridiculed the idea that strike pay will not be forthcoming. Mr. LANE thought the public did not, perhaps, sufficiently appreciate the fact that there were two sexes in the world.

At 4 P.M. a mass meeting was held in Trafalgar Square, which was packed with a huge crowd of prosperous and well-fed strikers. On the outskirts a brisk business was done by the sellers of Mr. HALL CAINE's autograph, countless specimens of which found purchasers at the starvation price of a guinea apiece. After Mr. A. C. BENSON had been voted to the base of Nelson's column much enthusiasm was caused by the appearance of a contingent of sympathetic poets headed by Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD, who brought with him in a covered van a newly-arrived consignment of briny oaths and a sailor's glossary in ten volumes. It was stated that Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, Mr. LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE and Mr. EZRA POUND had intended to be present, but a sudden attack of *afflatus*, a most distressing illness to which they are occasionally liable, had confined them to their homes. All three, however, sent a message expressing warm sympathy with the movement and pledging themselves to abstain from the publication of verse until the demands of the men were conceded. "We may not," they wrote, "be able to control the poetic impulse so far as to prevent ourselves from *thinking* in metre, but we shall certainly write nothing down." This declaration, when read to the meeting, was received with loud cries of "The battle's won" and "That finishes it."

When calm had been sufficiently restored Mr. A. C. BENSON, standing on a platform constructed entirely out of books written by himself, opened the proceedings. It was not for him, he said, to pass any harsh judgment even on the proprietors of circulating libraries. What they had done spoke for itself. A wrong had been committed, and, as the Bishop of Kamschatka once observed to him, wrong must be righted before anything valuable could be undertaken. He (the speaker) had not read the books complained of, but that very fact made it possible for him to take an impartial view. Moderation was all very well, but even those whose lives were a round of limpid tranquillity could join with others who were moved to action by a sense of intolerable oppression. He had much pleasure in proposing a resolution pledging those present to support the strike by a voluntary royalty of fifteen per cent. on the selling price of their books, thirteen to count as twelve, together with ten per cent. on American and Colonial sales.

At this point Mr. BERNARD SHAW drove up in a Roman chariot. He was closely guarded on one side by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, mounted on a Suffolk Punch, and on the other by Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC, who rode a horse stated to have been purchased from a French battery of artillery. Mr. SHAW, having removed Mr. BENSON from the chair, proceeded to describe himself as a martyr, but was himself immediately flung from the platform by Mr. BELLOC, who danced on him, and Mr. CHESTERTON, who fell on him. Mr. BELLOC then attempted to propose a resolution condemning Judaism in politics, while Mr. CHESTERTON denounced the Insurance Act, and the meeting broke up in indescribable confusion.

Later.—It is reported that some of the publishers, acting in concert with the Libraries, have decided to import three hundred American novelists of both sexes in order to break the strike. Pickets have been sent to all the ports to persuade these blacklegs to return to their own country, and the worst is feared.

"AND THEN THERE WAS NONE."

"Only one case has come to our notice," says a daily paper, "of a subscriber who was satisfied with his telephone service."

I was that man, Sir, I was satisfied;
Alone in London, nay, alone in Britain,
I never growled about my 'phone, or sighed
("The office 'phone" I really should have written);
Dear heaven, how could there be the slightest hitch
While Claribel, my queen, was on the switch?

I got her every time in one, and then
What bliss was ours, what billing and what cooing!
In vain might uninitiated men
And maidens overhear our wire-borne wooing;
In sooth, it is not generally known
How kisses sound upon the telephone.

But late, upon a day of direst grief,
The darling rang me up and spake me sweetly;
The call was answered by my gouty chief—
Since when my love has cut me off completely.
Now, Sir, the "satisfied subscriber" groans
And vehemently swears at telephones!

Another Impending Apology.

"Mrs. Herbert Pullar, in blue, with a small black hat; Mrs. Mitchell, of Glassel, in black, with an ivory and blue hat; Mrs. Martin White, in a white suit and small black and white hat!"

The Queen.

Why this note of exclamation? A correspondent who saw the hat assures us that it was quite all right.

THE UNIVERSITY PROVIDER.

[Lady Boor's declaration that she is prepared to take fifty college girls as assistants in Boot's Stores is likely to lead to the general development of a superior type of shopwoman.]



"MY LITTLE BOY HAS A COLD IN HIS NOSE. I WANT——"

"CERTAINLY, MADAM. MISS SMYTHE, PRODUCE THE NASO-PHARYNGEAL PAROLEINE ATOMISER FOR SPRAYING OLEAGINOUS AND AQUEOUS SOLUTIONS."



"SO THAT FUR'S WHAT YOU CALL MINK? WELL, I CALL IT JUST MISERABLE COMMON CAT."

"AH, MADAM. *DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM!*"



"I WANT CORSETS SUITABLE FOR GOLF."

"THE VERY THING, MADAM. THEY ALLOW FREE PLAY OF THE PECTORALIS MAJOR AND THE LATISSIMUS DORSI AND DON'T INTERFERE WITH THE DIGITATIONS OF THE SERRATUS MAGNUS."



"BUT IS IT A REALLY GOOD HAIR-RESTORER?"

"WELL, MADAM, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT MY OLD COLLEGE FRIENDS, LADY DUMPSHIRE AND LADY DI SPIFFINGTON, ALWAYS USE IT, AND YOU KNOW WHAT BEAUTIFUL HAIR THEY HAVE. A BIG BOTTLE, MADAM? THANK YOU."



CASTE.

The Lady (on a cheap week-end visit). "WHERE'S YER MANNERS, BROWN—BLOWIN' ON YER TEA? ANYBODY MIGHT TAKE YER FOR A DAY-TRIPPER."

ON SIMON'S STACK.

HILL shepherds, hard north-country men,
Bring down the baa'ing blackface droves
To market or to shearing-pen
From the high places and the groves—
High places of the fox and gled,
Groves of the stone-pine on the scree,
Lone sanctuaries where we have said,
"The gods have been; the gods may be!"

'Mid conifer and fern and whin
I sat; the turf was warm and dry;
A sailing speck, the peregrine
Wheeled in the waste of azure sky;
The blue-grey clouds of pinewoods clung,
Their vanguard climbed the heathery steep;
A terrier with lolling tongue
Blinked in my shadow, half asleep.

The Legion's Way shone far beneath;
A javelin white as Adria's foam,
It gleamed across dark leagues of heath
To Rome, to everlasting Rome;

Likewise from Rome to Simon's Stack
(That's logical, at least), and so
It may have brought a Huntress back
On trails She followed long ago!

I watched my drifting smoke-wreaths rise,
And pictured Pagans plumed and tense
Who climbed the hill to sacrifice
To great Diana's excellence;
And—"Just the sort of church for me,"
I said, and heard a fir-cone fall;
The puppy bristled at my knee—
And that was absolutely all.

A queer thing is a clump of fir;
But, if it's old and on a hill,
Free to that ancient trafficker,
The wind, it's ten times queerer still;
Sometimes it's filled with bag-pipe skirls,
Anon with heathen whispering;
Just then it seemed alive with girls
Who laughed, and let a bowstring sing!

Yes, funny things your firwoods do:
They fill with elemental sounds;
Hence, one has fancied feet that flew
And the high whimpering of hounds;

"A wind from down the corrie's cup—
Only the wind," said I to Tramp;
He heard—stern down and hackles up,
I—with a forehead strangely damp.

* * * * *
Wind? or the Woodland Chastity
Passing, as once, upon Her way,
That left a little dog and me
Confounded in the light of day?
A rabbit hopped across the track;
The pup pursued with shrill ki-yi;
I asked him which, when he came back;
He couldn't tell—no more can I.

"Hitherto the record year for the four months from May to August has been 1911, but this summer 75,000 people in excess of that number landed on the island."

Liverpool Evening Express.

Making 76,911 altogether.

"STOLEN POST OFFICE SAFE."

Daily News.

We are glad that the missing post-office has been traced at last. We were really getting quite anxious.

"WANTED. — Good General Servant for Hampstead, London. Good home for willing girl with good charabanc."

Advt. in "Barnmouth County Advertiser."
Useful during a 'bus strike.

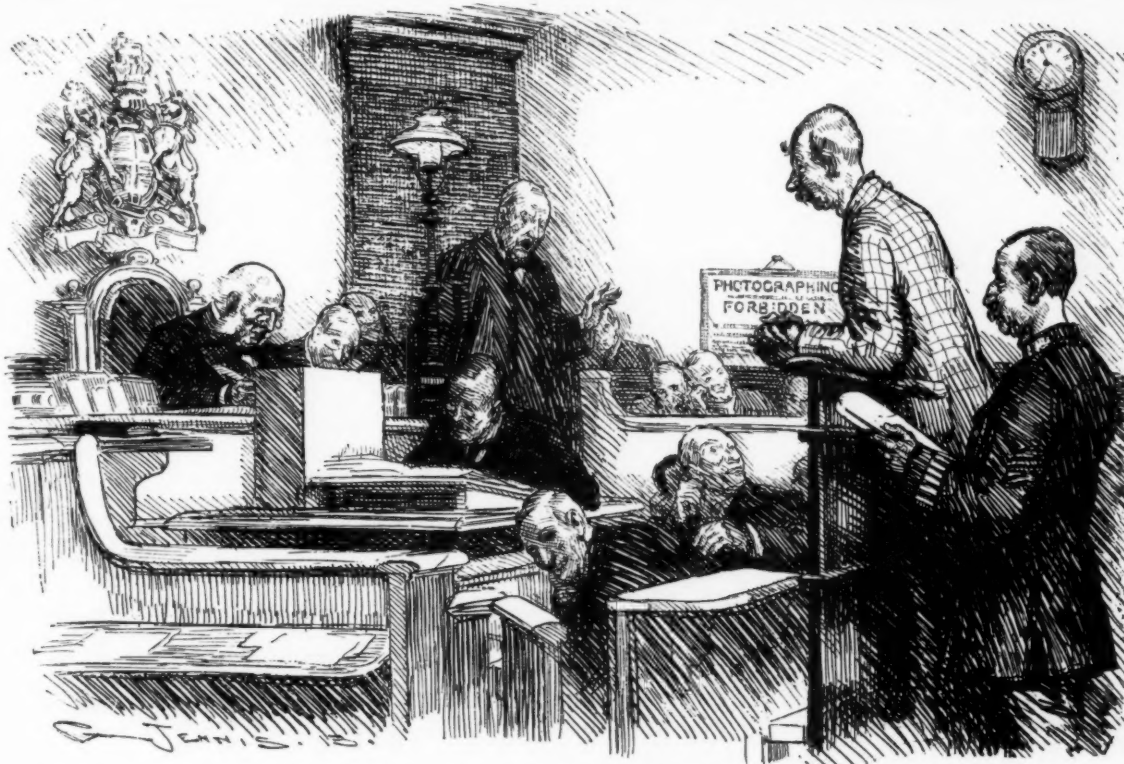


THE DAWN OF HARMONY.

MR. REDMOND (to Mr. ASQUITH). "I'LL DARE YE TO COMPROMISE!"

SIR EDWARD CARSON (to Mr. BONAR LAW). "D'YE HEAR HWAT THE GINTLEMAN SAYS?
I'M WID HIM ENTIRELY."

LORD LOREBURN (cherub). "AH, HA! ALREADY THEY BEGIN TO AGREE."



Magistrate (to yokel visiting London and taken into custody for stealing bicycle). "I HAVE A GOOD MIND TO SEND YOU TO PRISON FOR SIX MONTHS."
 Yokel. "YER CAN'T."
 Magistrate. "HOW IS THAT?"
 Yokel. "AH'VE NOBBUT COOM FOR THREE DAYS."

A TEST CASE.

AT the Central Criminal Court, before Mr. Justice DARLING and a Special Jury, George Duncan (thirty), who gave his address as Hanger Hill, Ealing, pled not guilty to the charge that, at Muckle Brigbrae, N.B., he had wickedly and feloniously broken a valuable record, the property of Alexander Sanders Elshioner Cattanach, commission agent in Glasgow. Owing to the exasperation of public sentiment in Muckle Brigbrae and adjacent parts of Scotland, it had been deemed expedient to remove this case to a calmer atmosphere, and Mr. Justice DARLING consented to preside, on receiving a hearty and unanimous requisition signed by the Press Association and other eminent news agencies. The Special Jury was composed of six minor golf professionals, and the amateur champions of the South-West of Ireland, Bohemia, East Rutlandshire, Buganda, Bessarabia and St. Kilda.

Mr. MARSHALL HALL, K.C., who prosecuted, had objected to JAMES BRAID, THOMAS BALL and JOHN HENRY

TAYLOR as jurors, on the ground that they had been accessories before, during, and after the alleged offence. They were accommodated in the well of the court, which was free from casual water. The court was crowded, and Mr. Justice DARLING explained at the outset that if anybody laughed before he, the learned Judge, came to the point of a joke it would be necessary to have it—the court, not the joke (loud laughter)—instantly cleared. Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C., appeared for the accused. The Provost of Muckle Brigbrae held a watching brief for himself and the Publicity Committee of the Muckle Brigbrae Town Council.

Mr. Alexander Sanders Elshioner Cattanach said in evidence that he was the holder of the record which the accused had broken. He had acquired the record—a 72—six years ago, and with any ordinary luck it would have been a 70, two full brassie shots having stopped on the lip of the hole. Though he did not know the accused personally, he believed that Duncan had a grudge against him, for two years ago he had attempted to break complainer's record, but had failed to get under 72. Now

Duncan had gone back to Muckle Brigbrae, and by going round in 67 had broken complainer's record and made it of absolutely no value as a family heirloom, and totally useless to complainer as an asset in the commission business. As a consequence of Duncan's conduct witness's orders had already fallen 35 per cent., and he was now seeing managing-clerks instead of principals. He would lose by Duncan's conduct socially as well as in his business. He had been known among his friends as Brigbrae Cattanach, but they used that name now in a jeering way. Men who used to take a third from him now wanted to play him level. This was a serious matter for any business man in the West of Scotland.

Mr. F. E. SMITH (to witness). You say you made this record six years ago. Had you any witnesses?—Of course. It was a three-ball match.

Mr. Justice DARLING. Played chiefly by pawnbrokers, Mr. SMITH. (Laughter.)

Mr. SMITH. Thank you, m'lud. So I have heard. Now, Mr. Cattanach, who were the other players?—My brother and the assistant green-keeper. I was playing their best ball.

Mr. SMITH. Never mind about their best ball. It is your ball I want to know about. This appears to have been a Family Record.

Mr. Justice DARLING. That sounds like a domestic magazine of an improving character. (Laughter.)

Mr. SMITH. Very good, m' lud. (To witness) Do you admit that this was a Family Record?—It was our Family Record until the accused broke it.

Mr. SMITH. Don't quibble with me, Sir. You say that the witnesses of this athletic triumph were your brother and an assistant green-keeper. Did you tip the green-keeper?

Mr. MARSHALL HALL. M' lud, I have never heard so foul an insinuation made in a Court of Justice in the whole course of my professional experience.

Mr. Justice DARLING. Then you have been much more fortunate than I. (Laughter.)

Mr. SMITH. I ask you again, Mr. Cattanach. Did you tip this assistant green-keeper?—Yes.

Mr. SMITH. How much?—A shilling. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. SMITH. Was that before or after this alleged record?—After.

Mr. SMITH. To purchase his silence, I suppose?—No.

Mr. SMITH. Did you hole out on every green?—Yes, on every green.

Mr. SMITH. You never lifted your ball?—Oh, yes. Twice.

Mr. SMITH. Oh, you lifted your ball twice, did you? Why was that?—Because I had laid my brother a stymie.

Mr. Justice DARLING. What is a stymie?

Mr. SMITH. A stymie, m' lud, is the fortuitous juxtaposition of two balls on the putting green, so that the one nearer the hole is in line with and obstructs the path of the ball further from the hole, it being essential to the emergence of the condition of stymiefaction that the balls should lie more than six inches from each other, measured from the nearest protrusion or depression on the circumference of each ball.

[At this point JAMES BRAID fainted and had to be carried out of court by THOMAS BALL and JOHN HENRY TAYLOR, who both used the interlocking grip.]

Mr. SMITH. I submit, m' lud, that there is no case to go to the jury. The alleged Cattanach record, upon which the charge against my client depends, itself depends upon evidence that is partly fraternal and partly venal and altogether untrustworthy.

The Provost of Muckle Brigbrae (speaking under strong emotion). And I submit, my lord, that Mr. SMITH disna ken whit he's talkin' about. This record has stood for sax year. It has been of the greatest public uteelity to Muckle Brigbrae. It has brocht hundreds of golfers doon every simmer to see if they couldna gang roond in seeventy-wan. An they've aye come back, wi' their wives an' faimlies, to hae anither lick at it. An' noo this lad Duncan has come breengin' in wi' his saxty-seeven—fair ruination to the hoose-lettin' for next season.

[At this point some commotion was caused by the return to court of JOHN HENRY TAYLOR and THOMAS BALL, accompanied by ALEXANDER HERD. During a whispered consultation, in which counsel and the



"WOT I SEZ IS, A MAN CAN DRINK AS MUCH AS 'E LIKES SO LONG AS 'E DON'T HINTERFERE WITH ME; BUT AS SOON AS 'E HINTERFERES WITH ME 'E'S A NOOSANCE TO SOCIETY."

accused joined them, the Provost of Muckle Brigbrae, producing a copy of "Funny Cuts" from his umbrella, was immediately invited to take a seat on the Bench, and at once consented to do so.

Mr. MARSHALL HALL. M' lud, I am pleased to say that the prisoner has consented, on the advice of his professional friends, to plead guilty to an error of judgment, and in these circumstances, and in view of the undertaking which I have obtained from himself and his friends, the Crown will not press for a conviction. (Loud applause.) I may say that I welcome this conclusion to proceedings which have been conducted, so far as the defence is concerned, with the scrupulous fairness and moderation in statement which are so characteristic of my friend.

Mr. SMITH. I have to thank my friend for sentiments which I heartily reciprocate. My client is willing to admit that in going round the course of Muckle Brigbrae in 67 strokes he

had no intention of treating Mr. Cattanach's record, a highly creditable one, so roughly as to cause a compound fracture.

Mr. Justice DARLING. He meant to break it gently.

Mr. SMITH. Quite so, m' lud. He meant to go round in 70 or 71, as his professional friends did. But in his own words, "The ball would not keep out of the hole." My client had no animus whatever against Mr. Cattanach or the Town Council of Muckle Brigbrae. He is willing to give an undertaking, and so are his professional friends, that in playing exhibition games they will in future refrain from knocking more than two strokes off the local amateur record, except in cases where they may obtain the previous consent in writing of the record-holder and the local authority to reduce the record by more than that number. I trust that this settlement will be approved by your lordship, and also by the Provost of Muckle Brigbrae.

The Provost. Weel, a weel, the mischief is dune noo. We'll jist need to tryst an extry baund o' peeryotts for next simmer.

Mr. Justice DARLING (to the jury). As nothing humorous occurs to me at the moment, I suggest a formal acquittal, gentlemen.

The Foreman. Yes, my lord. And the jury desire to add a rider in the form of a recommendation that Mr. Duncan and his professional brethren should abstain from playing at all on the championship courses of South-West Ireland, Bohemia, East Rutlandshire, Buganda, Bessarabia and St. Kilda.

Mr. Justice DARLING. I shall forward this recommendation to the proper quarter. The accused is discharged.

[The prisoner was warmly congratulated on stepping down from the dock. Outside the court some excitement was aroused by the eccentric behaviour of an Aberdonian gentleman, who grasped his young fellow-townsmen by the arm, and invited him to tea at an A.B.C. shop, explaining, in a burst of generosity, "You'll can tak' twa cups, George, an it'll no cost you a single barbee."]

"Now in a dispute of the kind which is threatened there are three parties to be considered, the employers, the men, and the public, and the last is certainly not entitled to the least consideration."—*Evening News.*

It certainly seldom gets it.

AN APPRECIATION.

I GOT a good idea to-day,
A hint that stuck and grew,
The very thing for verse, you'd say—
Bright, topical, and new.

And, as I wrote, my jest maintained
A fine *crescendo* swell,
Until, the *grand finale* gained,
It wound up rather well.

Then to a neighbouring typist-maid,
Well pleased I took my lay,
And, being in a hurry, stayed
To bring the lines away.

And she my precious bantling bore
Where other maidens wrought,
And, through the half-closed inner door,
I watched her; till I thought—

"This must be quite a change for her
Whom dull MSS. irk,
Not often thus can wit confer
Such glamour on her work."

And so I stood, and looked to see
How, in this pleasant case,
My sparkling points should presently
Irradiate her face.

But not so; even when she came
Where they most brightly shone,
Just near the end, 'twas all the same—
Stolid she hammered on.

"Ah, wait," I thought, "that last line
read,
She'll loose her pent delight;"
But up she jumped, and all she said
Was, "Wish he'd learn to write!"

SHOULD SHE HAVE DONE IT?

It is possible that the question whether *Leonora*, the heroine of one of Sir JAMES BARRIE's new plays, should have murdered the man who insisted on the railway carriage window being kept open, will be a topic for discussion for some time to come. *The Pall Mall Gazette* is emphatically of opinion that some other and less serious crime should have been committed, the capital charge being hardly suitable for comic treatment. And it is certainly the case that, had *Leonora* committed larceny or forgery, or even blackmail, instead of murder, there might have been a happier laughter inspired by the play.

At the same time, for another person to keep a railway carriage window open when one wants it closed is a serious offence and merits a severe punishment. It is only equalled by that of a person who closes the window when one particularly wants it open.

On the other hand a correspondent writes: "*Leonora* did a great wrong. This expression of affection for her



Editor. "DID YOU SAY YOU EVOLVED THIS JOKE YOURSELF?"

Artist. "I DID, SIR."

Editor. "H'M, AND YET YOU DON'T LOOK MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS OF AGE."

little daughter, who was suffering from a severe cold, was an unhappy error. I have it on the authority of the medical press that for a cold, especially bronchial catarrh, fresh air is the only adequate specific. I do not know whether Sir JAMES BARRIE makes it clear that the child was suffering from bronchial catarrh, but, unless he definitely states that it was another kind of cold, I think that we may assume that the malady took that form. When the little girl got home she would have found that the open window had greatly benefited her. It was a pity, therefore, that *Leonora* pushed her child's would-be benefactor on to the line."

Another correspondent, whose views are different, writes: "Every morning I have the misfortune to travel to town with a man whose obstinacy causes me to suffer tortures from draught. I

support *Leonora* heartily in her action. My only criticism is that a better victim might have been found."

A third writes: "But was it murder? The man wanted fresh air, and to that end he kept the window open. *Leonora*, being an intelligent woman (the author, I think, makes that fairly clear), argued that he would have still more fresh air if the door also were open, and for his good she opened the door. A little further contemplation (it was but the work of a moment) caused her to conclude that the lover of fresh air would find more outside the door than in the carriage. She, therefore, acted for his good."

"Mr. Frank Haskings, of Batheaston, was reserved in a young bull class at Dunster Show on Friday."—*Wellington Weekly News*.

No doubt the strange company made him shy.

"A ROGUE IN GRAIN."

I STOOD for some time outside the dealer's shop, displaying an altogether fictitious interest in its altogether fictitious antiques. At intervals of five minutes I swallowed a dose of tonic in tabloid form. Finally I pulled myself together and went in.

"I have come," I said to the proprietor, "about that chair which I bought."

If I had any romantic notion that he would behave like Macbeth at the sight of Banquo's ghost, I was promptly brought back to earth.

"That Chippendale chair," he amended briskly. "Yes, Sir. You sent it back. I have it in the yard if you want to look at it again."

I didn't ever want to look at it again. The thing was a fake. An expert had told me so. . . . But I wanted its former owner to be confronted with it, so I followed him into the yard, hating him immensely. He had what he himself might have described as a bow front and baroque features. Also, I knew that he knew that he knew far more about antiques than I did.

But I had been told quite positively that the chair was a fake. . . .

He looked at it tenderly.

"As nice a article o' furniture as any gentleman could wish to 'ave in his library," he apostrophized it.

I produced his invoice.

"Genuine eighteenth-century Chippendale arm-chair," I read tentatively. "Certainly, Sir."

"I propose one of two amendments. Either 'genuine twentieth-century Chippendale chair,' or 'imaginary eighteenth-century chair with Chippendale and other features.'"

I had prepared this speech beforehand, together with the cold, acid tone which should have accompanied it. Which *should* have accompanied it. . . .

"In other words," said the dealer, with a deliberate straightforwardness, "—let us be plain about it, Sir, if you please—you mean that I've set my 'and to that invoice, thereby perpetuating a fraud?"

"Oh—er—I didn't mean that," I protested. "A—a mistake, perhaps." Dash it all! If it was I who was making the mistake, my attitude was an awkward one to get out of. I oughtn't to have condemned him unheard.

"A mistake!" he exclaimed scornfully. "Me! But I see what it is. You've been got at by one of these 'ere 'experts,' 'aven't you, Sir?"

"Well—er—a friend of mine," I said. "He knows quite a lot about antiques. At least . . ."

"I know, I know! These 'ere amacher experts! Come now, sir, what did 'e tell you was wrong with this piece? Before I alter the invoice I 'ope you'll substantiate your statements asperative to its authenticity. Under English law even a antique's innocent until proved guilty."

He was rallying me in a humorous, indulgent sort of way, and I felt an awful worm. But I had to say something.

"The point is," I began, "Chippendale never made a chair like that—er—did he?"

"Perhaps not *another* like that, Sir," said the dealer gravely. "Of course, that chair's a rarity—and charged for according, I admit."

There was no doubt the man was honest, or he'd never have said a thing like that.

"I see," I said. "I see . . . The fact is," I continued, by way of candid apology, "I thought—I mean I was told—it oughtn't to have an Adam vase in the back splat."

"No, it oughtn't!" agreed the dealer ecstatically. "By all the accepted ideas, it oughtn't! I tell you, that chair *proves* something. It proves," he continued enthusiastically, "that Adam got his inspiration not direct from the classic furniture periods, but *via* Chippendale. That chair's what I call a missing link. It'll come to be talked about."

"By Jove! will it really?" I cried. "Well, what about the Gothic work on the rest of the back? And the Chinese legs?"

These had been other counts in the expert's indictment. But I made it clear that I was only asking for information, I was perfectly satisfied.

"Both Chippendale features," said the dealer gravely.

"But—er—in the same chair?" I queried.

"It looks like it, don't it? I don't care for it myself—seems a mixture of styles to my mind—but you can't blame me for what Chippendale chose to do. He was a master cabinet-maker; I'm only a dealer."

"Of course!" I agreed. "I suppose it's the same with the feet. They're Louis Quinze, aren't they?"

"Now I ask you, Sir," he demanded, "did Louis Quinze come before Chippendale or after?"

I was unable to tell him, and anyway there was no need. It was perfectly obvious that in either case one of them had drawn his inspiration from the other. And the more incongruous the decoration seemed—by all the accepted ideas—of course the rarer it made the chair.

"Er—you'll send it back to-morrow then?" was all I said.

"Very good," he replied with dignity, and we returned to the shop.

Then he was so ill-advised—for it was what I dreaded, feeling that I deserved it—as to begin a sermon.

"'Aving, I 'ope, convinced you of my *bonâ fide*," he began, "I don't deny that I feel 'urt by your suspicions. Of course there *are* dishonest dealers, just as there's dishonest gentlemen. If I'd been one of them, I don't deny that there's other features about that chair, over and above what you noticed, that might 'ave give rise to doubt. I don't mind pointing them out. The lack of freedom in the curves, for instance—the modern look about the fretwork—the state of preservation."

Wasn't he carrying his candour rather beyond the bounds of reason?

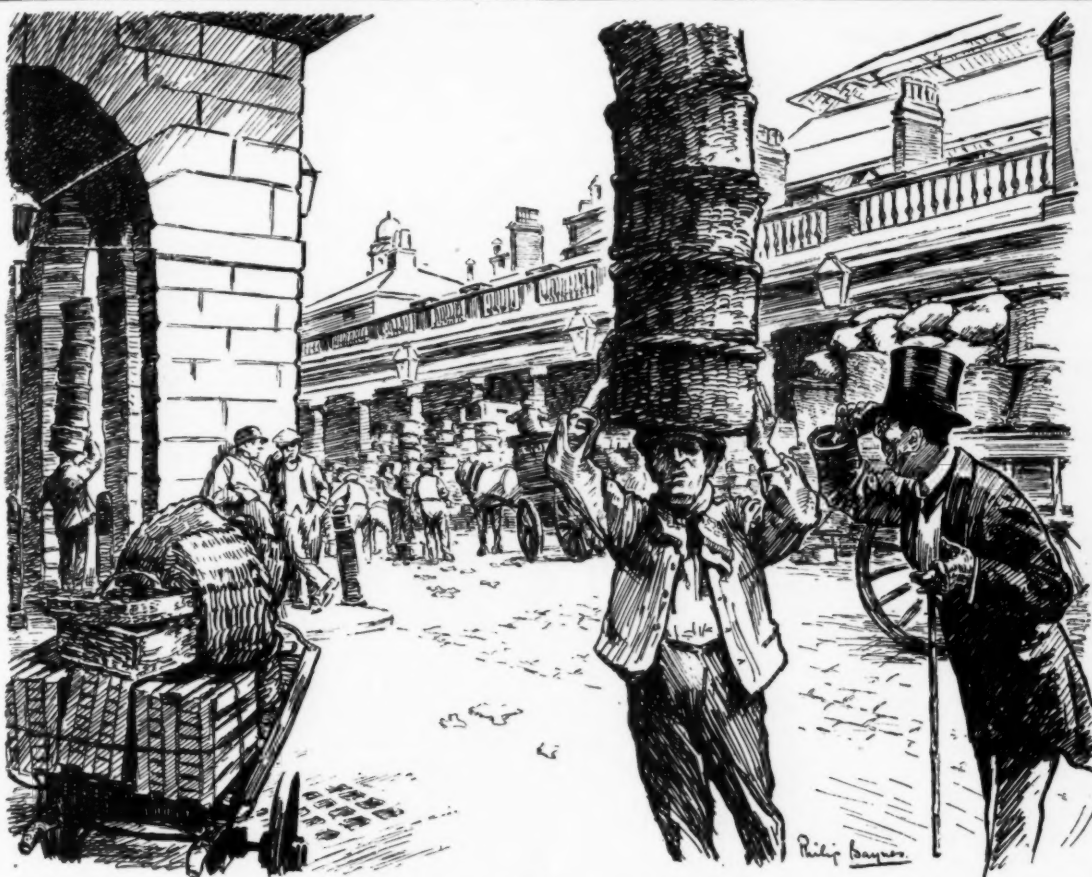
"As a matter of fact the lack of freedom in the curves is a most useful index in determining the date of the article. It shows that this chair was manufactured while Chippendale was in mourning for the death of his partner, 'Aig. I'm sorry about the fretwork. I touched it up here and there myself, because it *was* a bit dilapidated. I wouldn't have done it if I'd known my word was going to be doubted. I bought the chair off an old lady that 'ad just discovered it in an old cupboard in the panelling of 'er 'ouse. That's why it's preserved so well and kept its polish. She found Chippendale's original bill for it, too, and I wish more than ever now that she 'adn't burned it."

I had been convinced, perfectly convinced. But now . . . in the persistence of his endeavour to climb the very topmost pinnacle of virtue, I felt that he was toppling. . . toppling. . .

"I see you 'ave nothing to say," he resumed. "I know I 'ave no remedy against these aspersions which 'ave been made. I'm only a dealer. But speaking to you as a gentleman, Sir, in a way which I 'ope you will understand, I make bold to say that your way of doing business is Not Cricket, Sir—Not Cricket!"

It was too much. On the instant he tumbled into the abyss of discredit. Again I pulled myself together, telling myself that I was an Englishman, whose sires had fought at Lewes, knowing that it was but for an instant, remembering that the door was close at hand.

"You needn't send the chair," I said quickly. "For, speaking to *you* in a way which I hope you will understand, I can only say that *your* way of doing business is Not Chippendale." I grasped the handle of the door. "Not Chippendale, Sir!"



Perfect Ass (to coster). "EXCUSE MY ASKING, BUT WHEN YOU MEET A LADY FRIEND HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO RAISE YOUR HAT? OR DO YOU SIMPLY BOW?"

ENGLAND ON THE UP-GRADE.

It is truly gratifying to learn that something can already be written off the tale of national disaster recently recited by the Duke of WESTMINSTER. A great many championships, it is true, have still to be regained, but newspaper reports during the past week show that a splendid beginning has already been made. Not only has a new world's record for the 100 yards (Admirals') been set up, but a number of other competitions held at various centres afford convincing evidence that the charge of national decadence is to say the least premature.

At Tunbridge Wells last Friday the annual sports of the British Bathchairmen was held with resounding success. The great event of the day was the three-mile bath-chair slow race with octogenarian patients, in which regard it had not only for the time occupied but the comfort of the persons propelled. After an exciting race the prize was awarded to Jonah Gawmer, of Ryde,

who completed the distance in 3 hours 27 minutes 33½ secs. without a single jolt. We understand that the Amalgamated Society of British Bathchairmen have forwarded an application to the Olympic Committee for a grant of £10,000.

The inter-county meeting of the National Wasp-Shooting Association passed off with great *éclat* at Yealmpton last Wednesday. The shield, presented by the Worshipful Company of Beekeepers, was won by the Devonshire team, who used the new cyanide of potassium pop-gun with deadly effect. The Olympic Fund Committee have unanimously decided to award a grant of £15,000 to the N.W.S.A.

The annual meeting of Merry-goround proprietors took place at Clacton-on-Sea on Saturday. The competition for the most sonorous steam-organ was won by Messrs. Bolsover and Gedge, of Hull, whose organ, fitted with a Parsons auxetophone, was distinctly audible at Bishop's Stortford, Lowestoft and Beccles, while Messrs. Mallings and

Vamper's organ, driven by a French Gnome engine and fitted with a German saxophone, failed to carry further than Frinton and Thorpe-le-Soken. The endurance prize for passengers was carried off by Albert Snodland, of Turnham Green, who completed 7,300 revolutions before being removed in an ambulance to the Cottage Hospital. A special grant of £500 has been made to Mr. Snodland to enable him to continue his training.

"A daring robbery was discovered at the Bolton Art Gallery yesterday morning, a picture by H. Verman, entitled 'The Old Cellist,' having been cut from its frame and taken away. A second picture, 'The Evening Drink,' by Sidney Cooper, was found in a cellar."—*Daily Mirror*.

We should have expected to find the old 'cellist next to it.

"The island had dwindled to a mere perch for sea birds 200 yards long by perhaps 50 broad." Mr. Basil Thomson in "The Times."

This perch is one of those rods, poles or perches, apparently, of which they told us in our youth.

AT THE PLAY.

"INTERLOPERS."

IF a young author wants something on which to flesh his satire-tooth he could hardly choose a safer subject than Eugenics. The public is not likely to have its most sacred feelings lacerated by ridicule of this latest religion. On the other hand, he must not expect that the fun to be got out of it is going to be uproarious. Indeed, the picture of *Jack Chisholm* protesting against his wife's absorption in the two healthy children he had given her, and her neglect of all further interest in him as lover and comrade, was quite a serious one. For he was bound to seek consolation in the love of some other woman whose "life he could fill"—a much more vital thing, in his eyes, than the mere begetting of sound children.

And it is with just such a companion that we (and his wife) find him in the Second Act against a background of Italian lake. The discovery—rather crudely constructed—is irksome to him, for he has an incurable taint of conjugality. Returning to London, he is made to confront his wife in full family conclave—a scene that recalled Mr. STANLEY HOUGHTON'S *Hindle Wakes*, but with a change of milieu that made it hopelessly improbable. Here, in an eloquent tirade addressed to the secretary of a Eugenic society, a lady-friend of his wife's, he declares himself sick of all this enthusiasm for the younger generation and the future prospects of the race. What had posterity done to deserve his consideration? A civilised woman had higher duties to her husband and to society than the bringing of bouncing offspring into the world. If that was the sole end of her existence she might just as well—and even better—be a savage or a cow. He declines to return to his home, and settles in a bachelor's flat, keeping up his *liaison* with discretion.

But the atmosphere of London differs from that of an Italian lake and does not encourage irregularity in the life of a candidate for political honours. *Chisholm* lacks, too, the Bohemian spirit and a natural gift for impropriety. His mistress—*une vraie amoureuse*, who can easily replace him at a pinch—recognises that he still hankers after domestic felicity, and so, in the course of the usual interview between the two women, she surrenders him to his wife.

Unfortunately the interest of all this was largely academic. The author's theories might intrigue us, but not the personality of his puppets. I, for one, found so little attraction in the wife—and, of course I was not meant to find much—that I entertained no concern whatever about the issue.

Indeed there was only one brief interlude in which I felt that I was looking at life and not at the dramatisation of an idea. This was when Mr. CAMPBELL GULLAN introduced a delightful breath of reality into the very minor part of a Scotch election-agent who mistook the candidate's mistress for his wife.

The practical methods of Mr. NORMAN

something, I think, from Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, but also, I fear, from lesser models. She might be a great actress if she could keep away from the stage.

Miss WEEDEN as *Mary*, had an uncongenial part, but that did not excuse her staccato manner. Of the rest, Miss GWYNNE HERBERT, as *Margaret Chisholm's* mother, was adorable, and Mr. MALLESON gave a clever little sketch of a eupeptic crank.

I hinted that the fun to be got out of a satire on Eugenics was not likely to be uproarious. Yet the subject clearly lends itself to a certain salacity; and the suggestiveness of the dialogue in the Third Act, where the wife's sister, a brazen flapper on the eve of marriage (played with great gusto by Miss RISDON), discusses the relations of married people, vastly tickled the pit.

On the whole I should like to compliment Mr. HARWOOD on what I understand to be his first production. If his work improves as his play improved in the course of its progress, his success should be assured; for he has many wise and happy thoughts in his head, if he can only find the right excuse for their utterance.

"THE HOUSE OF TEMPERLEY."

I have just assisted at a most delightful Cinematograph Exhibition of Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S popular drama. As a play of action (pugilistic) it is, of course, admirably suited to the new art which the London Film Company have brought almost to perfection. To those—and in moments of bitterness I have been of their company—who

contend that the ideal play would be one in which the actors were not permitted to speak, this show should be a pure joy. Never was better acting done by Mr. BEN WEBSTER, Mr. CHARLES MAUDE and the rest of the cast, excellent right down to the tip of its tail. For with no words to say they had to rely on gesture and facial expression—the true tests of the actor—and these they employed with the most commendable economy. O. S.

"There was a large attendance at the Holloway Institute, Stroud, on Tuesday evening, when Mr. H. Page Croft, M.P., gave an address under the auspices of the Imperial Mission. . . .

The Chairman referred to the objects and work of the Imperial Mission, and extended a cordial to Mr. Croft."—*Gloucestershire Echo*. He should have waited till after the speech, when it might have been wanted.



A JOCUND LOVER.

Jack Chisholm (Mr. NORMAN TREVOR) to *Iris Mahoney* (Miss MIRIAM LEWES). "I haven't felt as happy as this for years!"

TREVOR were well suited by the rather unromantic part of the husband. When a man has to explain to his mistress why he doesn't want to return home, and is made to express himself in these ponderous terms: "I shall have the daily irritation of living in an alien atmosphere," I would just as soon hear Mr. TREVOR say it as anybody else.

To those who recalled Mr. DENNIS EADIE'S performances in Mr. GALS-WORTHY'S *Justice* and other strenuous plays, it was something of a shock to find him, as the wife's brother, in the rôle of a casual cynic, saying smart things with here and there a word of worldly wisdom. Indeed at first he seemed a little contemptuous of his part and had an air of insincerity; but this wore off and one grew to believe in him.

Miss MIRIAM LEWES, in the part of *Chisholm's* lover, showed strong natural gifts of gesture. She has learned



Collector. "H'M—FAIRLY GOOD SPECIMEN. I'LL GIVE YOU FIFTY POUNDS FOR IT."

Curio Dealer, "No, Sir. I'VE JUST SOLD THAT FOR A HUNDRED GUINEAS."

Collector. "A HUNDRED—! GOOD HEAVENS, YOU'VE BEEN SWINDLED. IT'S WORTH TWICE AS MUCH!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I THINK I should like *Thorley Weir* (SMITH, ELDER), if for no other reason, for the unique personality of its villain. As a matter of fact there are several other reasons, but *Craddock* remains the greatest. I question if Mr. E. F. BENSON has ever done better character-drawing than this of the mean-souled, middle-aged egoist. The delightful thing about him is that even at his wickedest he is never wholly free from some quite human lapses into nice feeling. He is in short a real person and not a malevolent machine, as are so many of the naughty in fiction. I can't tell you all of what he does, because that would be to give away the whole interest of a somewhat slender plot. But his occupation in life, and the main source of his comfortable income, was speculating in genius. You take me? If there were new men with plays or pictures going unrecognised, *Craddock* would encourage them by taking an option on their future output at a figure that his business acumen told him would become exceedingly cheap. Amongst others for whom he did this was the painter, *Charles Lathan*, who was so grateful and lovable that, even while he swindled and slandered him, *Craddock* could not help a secret admiration for the boy. Another of *Craddock's* speculations was *Frank Armstrong*, the dramatist, whose fortune he made, and who wasn't in the least bit grateful, but detested him for it in a manner that was cordially returned. Perhaps you don't yet see where the villainy comes in? For that you must read the story itself; you will find it

a simple tale of well-observed characters in a delightful riverside setting. And, if you also find, as I did, that your sympathies are not wholly on the side of wronged virtue, that will not perhaps lessen your enjoyment.

In the detective story the author's business is to make mystery and yours to unravel it if you can. You are being played with; but you know that it is a game of hide-and-seek in which you are invited to join. In *The Devil's Garden* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. W. B. MAXWELL plays by himself; he has a secret and keeps it for over two hundred pages, and it is only when he shocks you by the sudden exposure of it that you become aware that there ever was a secret at all. You were given to understand that a certain man had died by accident, whereas he had really been murdered; but the murderer had found sufficient trouble in the infidelity of his wife (palliated after the murder which avenged it) to account for most of his subsequent heart-burnings and eccentricities of conduct; and so the reader harbours no suspicion. Now I should not complain of Mr. MAXWELL's having his fun to himself—the prospect of making the reader jump with surprise; the joy of indefinitely delaying that surprise. But I do complain that in the meantime he should not have provided us with a little more entertainment to go on with, since we could have no share in his own sport, aloof and Olympian. For, to be candid, there are in the centre of the book vast tracts of dull country; trivialities that seem to contribute nothing of any purpose; chapter after chapter that begin with an ominous air of promise and lead you nowhere. The

excellent animation of the opening pages may have made me too sanguine of adventure; anyhow, I had to be content with a very masterly analysis of character, for nothing further happens till the very end. There is, it is true, a most dramatic account of the process of the murder and the paralysing terror that followed; but this is all merely retrospective. The author could not at the same time have the fun of keeping his murder a secret for years and years and also the satisfaction of thrilling us with suspense over the immediate action of it.

Mr. MAXWELL does not trouble himself much about his style, which is simple and inornate; he relies upon an unflinching realism, and seeks to create an atmosphere by insistence on details whose cumulative effect is more recognisable than the method of their selection. *The Devil's Garden* is a book to be read twice; once for the surprise and once for appreciation of the author's irony and his clever handling of circumstances now first seen in their true significance. And if this review is bound to spoil your surprise, well, you can omit the first reading and go straight on to the second.

Priscilla, the heroine of Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK's new novel, *Below Stairs* (METHUEN), is a delightful person, and it is pleasant to me to think that there are *Priscillas* to be found in almost every household; it is also aggravating to me to consider the number of *Priscillas* whom, in the past, I have stupidly omitted to observe. It is to be hoped that every head of every house in this country will read this book and that then it will be passed on to every cook and then to every housemaid. *Priscilla's* adventures are not, for the most part, at all highly coloured (I am not sure about the German governess and the gentleman cook), and if anyone has ever considered that an explorer in the heart of Africa has less horrible adventures than a small ordinary scullery-maid he will, after his perusal of this book, be once and for ever undeceived. There is one picture, drawn for me by Mrs. SIDGWICK, that I shall never forget—*Priscilla* sitting; on a Sunday evening, terrified in a grim kitchen that swarms with black-beetles, knowing that there is no one in the wide world who desires her presence, expecting to hear anon the sounds of her drunken mistress's return: that chapter is a fine piece of realistic writing, and it is as dramatic as it is truthful. Especially admirable is the manner in which Mrs. SIDGWICK enables her heroine to experience every variety of service without straining coincidence or appearing hasty in her development of the story. Finally, one is left with the overwhelming conviction that Mrs. SIDGWICK's own servants must have the most delightful time. I hope that *Priscilla* realises her good fortune.

Miss MARJORIE BOWEN has apparently been consorting with the Pirate Captain in *Peter Pan*. In her new historical romance, *The Governor of England* (METHUEN), she splits her infinitives in the most merciless fashion. "To carefully thread them," "to any longer regard him,"

"to so limit the King's authority," "to always put him," "to slowly continue their walk," "to very plainly urge," and "to now and then make some remarks," are the specimens that I have culled from its pages, and there may be others, though I think not, for I have read it with the care that it deserves. Apart from these instances of her feminine defiance of modern convention, her book is singularly free from blemishes. In writing the story of CROMWELL and CHARLES I. it would be very easy to adopt a partisan spirit. That danger she has successfully avoided. The failings and virtues of the two characters are plainly and fairly stated, without any tendency to over-much blame or praise. Another striking feature of her story is that, as far as I can see, every single character in it is historical; there is thus none of the contrast between real and imaginary persons which so often jars in books of this kind. Conversations and thoughts she has, of course, invented, but so skilfully and with such fine taste and such enlivening touches of sound, colour, movement, atmosphere, weather and even smell, that they always seem to be the real thing. I congratulate Miss BOWEN on having made a human and original story out of material so well-worn. At the same time I venture to very plainly urge her to now and then refrain from maltreating innocent little parts of speech.

A bewildering number of characters flutter, as it were, through the leaves of *The Watered Garden* (STANLEY PAUL) and the whole story is conducted by Mrs. STEPNEY RAWSON in an abrupt, jerky style which harmonises not at all well with my notions of a "green oblivion." Nor, unless it was the rather perennial theme that one ought to do some serious work in the world, am I at all sure what seed of purpose the authoress was supposed to be

cultivating in her arboreal plot. Flirtation, political ambitions and the foundation of a quarterly review, entitled "The Amphitheatre," of advanced and "precious" tendencies, and costing a guinea a copy (I seem to see the gold pouring out upon the bookstalls), occupied for the most part the minds of the set in which *George* and *Ella Pardew* (he a rich retired manufacturer and she a beautiful butterfly) moved. The book purports to be the impressions of *Ella's* secretary, garden-mistress and confidante, and almost lady's maid, *Bettina Gale*, who finally, by one of those chances rare in actual life, inherits the place in whose garden she has been playing the hired Pomona, and marries a brisk young army aeroplaneist with a desperately facetious turn of phrase. *Bettina* seems to have been a person of admirable tact, capacity and charm, but, somehow, I never got interested in her (I think the authoress took my sympathy too much for granted), and the whole novel left me feeling rather as if I had been in the maze at Hampton Court than on the spacious lawns of Kew.

"MEN THREATEN TO STOP
EVERY PASSENGER CARRYING VEHICLE."
Daily Mirror.

"Now then, young man, put that motor-'bus down!"



UNRECORDED ACTS OF KINDNESS.
ALFRED THE GREAT PRESENTS HIS MASTER OF THE BEDCHAMBER
WITH AN ALARM.